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Like some bleak and pitiless bird of prey, Jonathon Green squatted over his typewriter. Outside the sun had set, and dank mists rolled across Shepherd's Bush, but Green knew no night; his typewriter no rest, until the final paragraph darkened his once pristine paper. Green folded together the pages, boarded an empty, ghostlike bus, and sidled insignificantly into the newspaper's Soho offices. "Pssst," he muttered, "wanna buy an article on Pulp Literature . . ."

## A HACK'S A HACK FOR A' THAT

**G**olden Fleece, Jungle Stories, Dure Devil Aces, Spicy Detective, Wild West Weekly, Navy Stories, Doc Savage, G8 and His Battle Aces, Parisian, The Shadow, Railroad Stories, Dime Mystery, Amazing Stories, Black Mask . . . the list is endless. Guaranteed, not to mention specifically designed, to curdle the blood, set the heart pounding, thrill you to the marrow and shock you to death—all at once or just one sensation at a time—those titles, and many others, glorified the

covers of what, between its birth in the early years of the century, and its collapse with the advent of the fifties, represented the greatest explosion of mass entertainment by way of the printed word ever to hit the newsstands of the world.

They were the Pulp: so named, and very aptly, after the almost impossibly cheap paper on which their tales of thrills, horror and adventure were printed, and there was usually a choice of around two hundred and up to grab at around 9d a time off your vendor. They dealt with

every taste. A quick review of an average week's titles proves that. From Railroads to the furthest infinities of deep Space,

from stirring tales of wartime heroism to gritty detectives battling with less world shattering forces of evil, and with even tiny bit of strictly beneath the counter snut thrown in, the Pulp catered for the greatest market imaginable. Some lasted a couple of issues then vanished for ever; others, like Black Mask, Argosy, Weird Tales and The Shadow became long running hits, every edition of which was as vital to life as your daily news, but so much more exciting.

Coming out weekly or fortnightly, with around 64 tightly printed pages apiece, there was plenty of space for the aspirant hack to fill. Not that all of the pulp authors were hacks. Both Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett, whose style has been lost in the mediocre present day imitations of Mickey Spillane and his followers, perfected their artistry in Black Mask, without doubt the breeding ground for some of the greatest detective fiction ever, and a magazine in which Hercule Poirot and Miss Marple, with their foibles and genteel manner, gave

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Dear IT:

Have you been converted to natural gas recently? Well you may have noticed the conversion, teams look like a whole bunch of freaks. Well be warned, they ain't so groovy. I've just been converted and when I got home the Ascol worked just lovely—it was only when I went to roll a joint I found one of the bastards had walked off with a near half ounce of finest Moroccan shit!

Be careful,  
Mick, London NW10

Dear IT:

### THE REPUBLICAN JETSET AIN'T BEEN CAUGHT YET HIPPIE BLUES

You should see my place in Kansas  
Ya know we gotta get back to the land  
I got it for my birthday, a present from my Dad,  
Got a fourteen room farmhouse  
Fly there on weekends  
Got my money in munitions  
an' I live on the dividends

Well I'm thinking of buying a  
radio station  
So's I can play Dylan's records  
all the while  
Ya know he drops in here all  
the time for a joint an' a glass  
of wine  
I know Jahnned Yoko and all  
their rock'n'roll  
Threw a party for ole Chuck  
Berry, man that cats got soul.

Sold all my Daw Jones  
Chemical shores, cause I got to  
move away

Gonna get a pad in Trinidad  
an' shootup till my dying day.

M. Miznearm



We believe that something should be done in the way of rallies or petitions that could read "We support legalisation of weed" which ain't the same as owning up to smokin' it (so they couldn't go bustin' everyone).

I don't think we could do like Holland and all walk in a the streets smokin' together, to screw 'em up one time. But, police action is getting worse and still more people are turning on, and everyone knows there's no harm in it. So what's happening!

Lets try an' change things, your paper could get it together.

Love, Wyn (an Cardiff freaks)

Dear Sir/Madam

From the style of address, you will already have gathered that I am unaccustomed to giving vent to my feelings, at least to the u/g press. I have no axe to grind, no cause to promote, save that of humanity, and that is, or at least, should be the focal point of all our lives.

I have, for the past three years, regularly read all of the national alternative press, but to my dismay, no matter how eloquent the ideology, or how deep the news coverage, collectively you could be best summed up as: octopus tentacles, all struggling for survival, yet each blissfully unaware of the hungry body that each is supposed to be feeding.

We are all capable of criticism, yet few ideas that are critically constructive ever seem to be published. To condone the activities of small factions, such as the 'Angry Brigade' or 'Black Power', is nihilist, for it would be illogical to train by execution as a teaching aid. Segregation and anarchy are short-term solutions that are paid for at a later date, so for our salvation we must explore other methods of stabilising our planet.

Peace and fulfilment,  
Michael G Oxborough, 14 the  
Briars, Northampton, NN4 9SP

Dear IT:

For every case of a boy or girl involved with drug taking that hits the headlines, there are a thousand about which nobody hears. And while the long term answer to the drug problem must be prevention through education, there is an immediate and pressing need to help rehabilitate those who have been hooked on drugs and are trying to overcome their addiction. Drug addiction is a disease and until we accept that, and realise that it cannot be cured simply by telling people to snap out of it, the problem will become greater and greater, and the communications gap between parents and children wider and wider. For make no mistake—every parent is vulnerable.

The immediate problem is to rehabilitate the young addicts who are making a genuine attempt to kick the habit. More Day Centres, more trained staff, more residential accommodation are all needed, and funds are desperately short. May I ask for your help in bringing to the attention of your readers an Appeal which I am launching through Action in Distress (under Regd. Charity No. 213286) for funds to assist existing organisations to extend their work in the rehabilitation of these unfortunate young people up and down the country. Our Appeal is for £100,000 and donations should be sent to The Inspector Gale Appeal, Action in Distress, P.O. Box No: WDO, London W1A 4UB. The need is both urgent and great. Thank you.

Yours faithfully,  
Inspector RF Gale, Chairman of the Police Federation

(We should like to bring our readers' attention to the news story on this organisation in IT/137)

Dear IT:

Having had a friend of mine go through a lot of trouble with heroin I discovered the lack of centres where people who want to get off can live and get the support they need. Murther Grumble were very helpful and friendly but we all pissed about for so long that he was picked up by the pigs before we got anything done. They were not too bad and we managed to get him off, both the habit and the bust.

But things need to be done quickly on a local basis, the nearest community place, not a hospital, is in Leeds. We will need a place in Newcastle soon. I'd like to help so I want to get some experience working with addicts in a centre. I wonder if you could put me in touch with a place in the community. No money, just food and a bed. Addicts are usually members of the alternative culture on. Its a pity they often have to turn to government or church-backed schemes for help. (Though I wouldn't mind working in one of these to be able to help a community centre). Where would ya be without Bad Trips International, so please help.

Love (maybe), Gerry  
3 Stanley Grove, Knitsley,  
Consett, Co Durham

Dear IT:

I'm getting very depressed and fed up. Is there no one like me around here, perhaps I am a unique freak of nature as most people seem to think, just because I don't eat meat or fish and I read disgusting papers and listen to 'noisy' music and I dress differently.

I would really like to get to know some people like me, after all there must be some in Ilford or around here somewhere. Or anybody interested in writing to a depressed freak.

And when I'm not imprisoned in that brainwashing establishment called school I'd like to join some kind of group and do something positive like helping people.

Thanks for listening and I'd be very grateful if you could print this letter.

Love and peace  
Clare McGuire, 23 Rushden  
Gardens, Clayhall, Ilford

Dear CLARE:

Why not try your local White Panthers? see ad at back of paper. Love, IT.

Dear IT:

Can any of you fine law-abiding citizens help me?

A friend and myself are departing this shit-hole of a country and hitching to Holland (Amsterdam) on the 1st Sept. So my desperate plea is that do you know of any flats/communes etc. that we can live in for a few weeks? This really applies to Amsterdam and outlying areas only as we have very little bread and need what we have for just the bare essentials (say no more).

We would be very grateful, and as a small bribe I've slung in an SAE and some ciggy coupons for you or any worthwhile cause which needs it badly.

Ta, and thanx a lot,  
Steve Ripsher, 14S Linnet Drive,  
Chelmsford, Essex.

Dear STEVE:

While we don't have any specific information about Amsterdam, a friend who has recently returned says that places to stay are no problem, the town is full of students' lodgings to let really cheaply; in fact it's a free city! Love, IT.

Dear IT:

Thought I'd write on behalf of a lot of people round here. We're all wondering what's being done to ease the dope/police situation or better still, legalise weed. Your paper is the stalwart of the u/g press and is probably read by more than most, so can put out info to a lot of freaks.

Dear IT:

Just thought we'd say hello. Nexus is now coming together, into it's fourth month and plans are under way to open a 24 hour info/help service by the end of October.

At present we give info/help on Social Security/contraception/abortion/drugs/legal problems/landlords, rents, evictions and all other hassles. If we can't help we know who can... Also, Nexus is becoming a focal point for people coming together who are interested in Womens Lib, Gay Lib, alternative shops and community action in general.

To finance Nexus we started Nexus Filmgroup; up to date we have had two filmnites, both of which have been successful, despite much harassment from the Corporation and many others. We are hoping to organise eight or so more filmnites before the end of the year.

At the moment we are accumulating information on community groups all over this beautiful Isle of ours for our files. Could you help us out by sending us all relevant info (sheets, pamphlets and any other literature you have produced) we'll send you the cost of postage.

Hoping to hear from you soon, life, love and strength in all you do, Love from all at Nexus  
15 Hope Street, Glasgow  
(041 221 4750)



# SURPRISE! SURPRISE! U.S. LEADERS

## FAVOUR CAPITALISM

NEW YORK (LNS): "There is a clear consensus for capitalism among American leaders," commented Professor Allen H. Barton who just completed a poll of what the New York Times called "456 of the nation's richest, most powerful and influential men."

This should not be surprising considering that those surveyed included 24 persons with assets of \$100 million or more and the chief executives of 96 large corporations. Also surveyed were 125 leading Republican and Democratic party members, labour leaders and representatives of the mass media, including publishers, editors, columnists and television executives.

Though the majority of the "leaders" favoured some kind of Government action to "help the poor" anti-inflation wage and price controls, not surprisingly, they reject such ideas as a top limit on incomes and nationalization of large corporations. Even among the "influential labour leaders" only one in six gave an even qualified approval to socializing large industries.

Even though confidentiality was guaranteed by the surveyors, only 40% of those people with assets of \$100 million or more agreed to take part in the survey. "We figure that those businessmen who answered were (slightly) more liberal than the average," said Professor Kadushin of Columbia University in New York.



# KLEINDIENST TRIES TO BAN NIXON IMPEACHMENT COMMITTEE

NEW YORK (LNS): Recently an ad appeared in the Sunday New York Times calling for the impeachment of President Nixon on grounds that he had usurped power in his conduct of the war in Vietnam and had violated a Congressional ban on further military spending imposed in 1971. The ad was signed by well-known people, most of them anti-war activists. Some Congress people were on the list.

Now the Justice Department is moving to prevent the National Committee for Impeachment (NCI) from collecting or disbursing funds—an effective way of preventing them from functioning.

Attorney General Kleindienst said that the New York Times ad "had the purpose of influencing the election of persons to public office," thus putting the NCI in the same category as the Democratic and Republican parties.

Therefore, Kleindienst reasons, the NCI comes under the jurisdiction of the 1971 Federal Campaign Election Act, which requires that candidates disclose the source of their campaign funding. Kleindienst asserts that NCI has violated that act by not reporting its contributions and disbursements.

This puts the NCI in very good company, at least in some people's eyes, since the Republican Party has refused to disclose the source of what has become known as Nixon's \$10 million secret campaign fund. The Republicans claim that the \$10 million was collected just before the law took effect.



LONDON: Mike Cirros, 'Greek Mike' of FRENZ, was released from prison for fifteen minutes last week to be married. At the end of the ceremony he was promptly re-handcuffed and led away from his wife and several friends. Mike has been in custody for six months under extradition orders, and the latest news is that he is to be deported to Algeria. IT sends Mr and Mrs Cirros love and best wishes.

David Willis

# FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

## LESSON # 3

### KNOW YOUR ANIMALS

OFTEN A SUBTLE MISTAKE, SUCH AS THE IMPROPER PLACEMENT OF A HIGHLIGHT OR AN UNCHARACTERISTIC STANCE, CAN LEAD AN UNREALISTIC AIR TO AN ANIMAL DRAWING.

FOR INSTANCE, THE CAT...



IN THE OTHERWISE CONVINCING DRAWING AT RIGHT, THE TRAINED EYE SENSES A SUBTLY INAPPROPRIATE CHARACTERISTIC, THOUGH IT IS ALL BUT INDISCERNIBLE TO THE UNINITIATED...





# Krunch!



On December 2nd a mini Fantasy convention (The Xmas Comic Mart) will be held in the Camden/Kentish Town area, in Lyndhurst Hall, Warden Street. Proceedings start at mid-day and will carry on for as long as we have money to pay for the hall (i.e. a guaranteed minimum of 6 full hours). This is a non-profit mini-convention and entry will be free (I repeat free) to all who make the trip. There will be 50 tables available for comics, and at this stage (only a few days after the first announcements have been made) over half the tables have been booked. If you yourself have a lot of comics trashed away that you want to get rid of, then it'd be worth while you getting a table for the £1 that we're charging; which you'd make back in the first five minutes! This means that there will be more comics around than there were at COMICON 72, so with the prospect of well over 30,000 comics on sale, dare you not come? You'll be able to obtain almost any Marvel or DC comic from 1960 upwards plus science fiction books, both new and rare, pulps, Golden Age comics, undergrounds and posters. And of course, if you're missing any title, issue or whatever, the likelihood of it not being there is very faint, so come and enjoy yourself, and bring your wallet! Remember it's free and note the date.

For extra details of the convention please contact either Nick Landau, 10 Ledbrooke Walk, London W11 3PW (01 727 1336) up until September 29, or from then till December 1, Rob Barrow, 212 Grange Road, Plaistow, London E13 0AB (01 476 1810).

And now onto the comic news. Marvel is in the process of putting out a series of new books. Actually out and published are Shanna, the She-Devil, with a cover by the one and only Jim Steranko, but disappointing interiors by George Tuska and Vince Colletta; The

Cat, with typically good art by Marie Severin and Wally Wood; Jungle Action, featuring Lorna the Jungle Girl (kid stuff - reprints); and somebody or other, Night Nurse (whom I'd give a miss to, though come to think of it you may never get to see any of these anyhow). Lastly, Supernatural Thrillers, featuring a book-length adaptation of Theodore Sturgeon's 'IT' (no, not International Times), which inspired the Heap, Hulk, Man-Thing, Swamp Thing and infinitum. Oh, why can't they let the poor thing die. And Frankenstein is the name of a brand new original Marvel book. Now where have I heard that name before? (Dracula, Wolfman, Werewolf, Frankenstein... what next?).

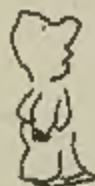
Old Frankie seems to have very good PR men nowadays. Apparently National have also got their fangs into the character, which will appear as a back-up feature in the Phantom Stranger called, The Spawn of Frankenstein. Our hero strikes again!

Neal Adams has been taken off both Green Lantern/Green Arrow (to star in the Flash very soon) and El Diablo owing to continual lateness of handing in work. The former is certainly very sad news as NA is the only person to have breathed life into these characters. However, he will be continuing on the odd Batman strip. One last bit of news is that there will probably be two hardcover editions of Captain Marvel and Wonder Woman to join the already published Batman and Superman volumes.

Next issue: In future part of each Krunch column will be devoted to underground comic; more news on the mini fantasy con and comics in general; and if there's room after that an idea of what is happening in comics in Europe.

Late extra: Watch out for the new Dracula mag out very soon now.

BY Nick Landau.



"Through no fault of my own, sir, I was drawn very small and with the left hand."



# UNCLE CHUCKLE'S PUD PAGE!



"Hot dogs, hamburgers, and French fries!"

## LORD ROCKING WILLIAM WIPPLETON & THE WIPPLE-CUM-TROGALOTTERS VINEGAR CAKE

12 ozs self raising flour/ 6 ozs sugar/ ½ pint milk of cow/ 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda/ 6 ozs fat/ 8 ozs dried mixed fruit/ 2 tablespoons vinegar

Rub fat into flour, add sugar and fruit. Stir in a mixture of bicarbonate of soda, vinegar and milk, and put into greased, floured tin. Bake in moderate oven for about 1½ hours at 375°F/Gas Mark 4.

William and the boys say, "Don't say vinegar, say Jesus H Christ!"

## HERBIE HERB'S CHERVIL SOUP

2-3 tablespoons butter or oil/ 2 tablespoons flour/ 3 tablespoons fresh, chopped or dried chervil/ 1 pint hot vegetable stock/ salt/ 1 teaspoon cream (fresh or sour)

Sauté chervil in butter or oil, add the flour and sauté again. Smooth with a little cold water or stock. Add the hot stock and salt and allow to simmer for 20 minutes. Add cream shortly before serving.

## THE DIRTY ROTTEN LOWDOWN DRUNKEN STINKING SHRIMP

1 lb fresh shrimps/ 1 teaspoon chopped ginger/ ½ cup sherry/ 2 teaspoons soya sauce/ 1 teaspoon salt/ 1 teaspoon vinegar

Choose the freshest shrimps (alive if possible) and trim off tail and whiskers. Wash these boys carefully now, and place in a deep basin (basterds!). Sprinkle them with salt and soya sauce and pour in the sherry (hic!). An hour later add the chopped ginger and vinegar, allow to stand for a further ½ hour and serve with wine.

## HONEY PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

½ cup butter/ ½ cup honey/ ½ cup dark brown sugar/ 1 egg well beaten/ ½ cup crunchy peanut butter/ ½ teaspoon salt/ 1 teaspoon cinnamon/ 1½ cups whole wheat flour/ ¼ cup wheatgerm/ ½ teaspoon soda

Cream butter, honey and sugar, add egg, peanut butter and salt. Stir in flour sifted with soda and cinnamon, form into small balls, place on a greased cookie tray and press down with a fork. (Special hint: If you dip your fork in cold water it won't stick). Bake at 350°F or Gas Reg 4 for 10-12 minutes.

## GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

9 lbs tomatoes/ 4 green or red peppers/ 2½ lbs onions/ 2½ lbs apples/ 1½ lbs saltinas/ 2 ozs mustard seed/ 2 ozs salt/ 1 large root of ginger (well bruised)/ ½ teaspoon cayenne/ 2½ lbs brown sugar/ 3 pints good vinegar

Chop the peppers and slice the onions. Core and slice the apples, place all ingredients in a preserving pan, simmer slowly for 2-3 hours or until thoroughly cooked. Remove ginger before putting into pots.

## GOOD NEWS FOR YOUR AILMENTS: PILES

To help your piles, Mr Jethro Kloss suggests the following: chickweed, bittersweet, fireweed, golden seal, mullein, myrrh, nettle, plantain, shepherds purse, Solomon's seal, spear-mint, uva ursi, white oak bark, witch hazel, wild alum root, yarrow, bloodroot, pilewort, pimpernel and aloes. (Would Ges Cox take note!!!)



John Lennon/ Yoko Ono  
Plastic Ono Band  
With Elephant's Memory

"Some Time in New York City"



"The People's Album"  
—Melody Maker

Ring 01-247 6803



# RIGHT ON! A PRESIDENT

By Richard Neville.

MIAMI BEACH (UPI): "I was drafted to Vietnam to be humiliated, lied to and shot at!" shouted a young man outside the Fontainebleau Hotel. "Now I am back home to be harassed by secret agents, further lied to and spat upon by my government."

His emotion overflowed into the crowd, many of whom, like the speaker, were clad in battle fatigues, although they didn't have the former's disadvantage of being confined to a wheelchair.

These were the Vietnam veterans against the War. It was a murky Tuesday afternoon, and these crippled veterans were delivering a formal letter of protest inside the hotel while a crowd of marchers rested by the roadside. When some of the vets plunged into the swirling water of a muddy estuary adjacent to the hotel, a patrol boat immediately appeared—in addition to the already encircling army helicopter.

The spirit of unarmed street people when confronted by the grosser accoutrements of power is something I had learned from newsmen of Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Belfast, but never before witnessed. Those in the water instinctively set off in pursuit and began splashing the occupants of the boat, which waved about in apprehension. Roadside spectators, familiar with the process of overkill, half-expected the surfacing of a U.S. submarine. But the return march got under way before the encounter could escalate into catastrophe, and the swimmers were beckoned ashore.

An hour or so later, as the march neared Flamingo Park, with everyone sweating profusely and on the brink of exhaustion, the rains came thundering down. "Rain! Rain! Stop the war!" began the chant, which later evolved into "Rains flood the dirtiest! Rains flood the dirtiest!" progressing to "We seed the rain! We seed the rain!" until it finally matured into "They seed the rain! They seed the rain!"

At this point, the march collided with "Street Without Joy"—the march of the Vietnamese dead.

In the wake of two giant papier mache airplanes held aloft by scores of people wearing masks of Richard Nixon's face were hundreds of demonstrators dressed as Vietnamese peasants, their faces painted white to symbolize death. Many of them had used stage make-up to affect gruesome injuries and carried vitalized babies constructed also from papier mache.

This march proceeded to the regular demonstration site outside the convention hall. It was a pre-rehearsed exhibition of guerrilla theatre, dutifully observed by helicopters, FBI photographers mounted on surrounding apartment buildings and luxuriously armed contingents of Miami police. Finally the planes were set alight by the Americans and hurried over the chain link fence into the convention enclosure, where they were met by police wielding a portable fire extinguisher. But the extinguisher proved defective, and the B-52's blasted away in defiance of those who tried to quench them.

"Street Without Joy" was the grand finale of pre-planned protests. For on the morning was the climax of scattered street fighting and mass arrests. On Tuesday evening, however, I intimately myself inside the convention hall, where I mingled with another breed of energetic

demonstrators—Youth for Nixon.

Throughout the week it was reiterated with pride that these right-wing firebrands had paid their own fares down—from the way they dressed and the style of their accommodations. It seemed they could afford it. To

my questions about Vietnam they responded, "All's fair in love and war," an epitaph which is impressive only by its inhumanity. These are the Pepsi Generation: clean-cut, agile with genital deodorants, their speech crackling with all the wit of hair-spray commercials and

their neatly pressed wardrobes set off with badges reading "Right on! Mr. President." "Do not go near Flamingo Park," they were warned on arrival in Miami, "or you will be photographed by the FBI. Don't go near the convention hall except by pre-arranged order, or you will be confused with radicals and end up on police files."

So rigidly were they organized (being commanded even to burn office propaganda lest it fall among irresponsible elements) that hardened reporters spread rumour that they were hired hands.

If only it were true. In sad reality, Youth for Nixon are genuine fanatics who need little encouragement to display their enthusiasm for President Nixon. The old dream of yuppie was that kids would kill their parents' culture. But that culture is still alive and kicking back. I was in the convention hall when this bubble gum generation stormed the floor, mouths foaming in ecstasy at the confirmation of Nixon's nomination, and along with the black mayor of Tallahassee stood danced as they danced a out hysterically for 20 minutes in a frenzy of conquest, both of us too scared to reveal the true nature of our feelings, watching transfixed with diplomatic smiles.

Youth for Nixon was a potent force in Miami, popping up everywhere a royal family number was scheduled to appear, usually accompanied by a racy Dixieland band, elevating in unison the four fingers of their right hands in a gesture of salute reminiscent of Nazi Germany, chanting "Four more years... Four more years..."

What does Miami mean for the protest movement? Basically, that it is in a state of shambles. Flamingo Park, on the final Wednesday, conjured up an image of what it must have been like on the eve of the final battle of the Confederate Army.

Folies and virtually sealed the convention hall, reneging on prior agreements made with movement representatives. In the future, such bargaining should be undertaken with more cunning and less candour. Was there any need to publish the final sit-in plans days in advance and distribute them to the police?

The park locked, during the final hours, a proper communications system. "Leaders" were compelled to address small contingents of demonstrators and then set off on sit-ins with the foreknowledge of certain arrest. I recall Allen Ginsberg rehearsing his unit with the chant of "Abhhhhhh," designed not to avoid incarceration but to keep tempers pleasantly refrigerated.

Those not inclined to volunteer as leaders formed spontaneous affinity groups intending to block traffic and set off armed only with damp kerchiefs and potatoes to stuff up exhaust pipes. Although unco-ordinated and outnumbered, some of the affinity groups displayed remarkable dexterity and determination in blocking intersections and snarling traffic.

Over the next few months, radicals will be searching desperately for new strategies. One possibility will be an alliance with disenchanted liberals. Ironically, as the left suffers a crisis of identity and confidence, former establishment figures such as Daniel Silberg, the Bertrams and Ramsey Clark are renouncing former alliances and collaborating with the peace movement. The expedient necessity of such alliances is depressing news for those whose optimism was baptised by the visions of the 60s.

Many still pin their dreams on McGovern, but he has dramatically the revolutionary left will be isolated. Already it

is smitten with sectarianism. There is no accepted consensus of analysis or strategy. Former activists are writhing from deep personal alienation. There is a dearth of upcoming leadership and the horizon is clouded by the bubblegum kids marching to the beat of the White House. Maybe Miami will be seen as the Alamo of the old New Left. Maybe the sixties are over.

## The Drug Abuse Marathon

By John Jakabson.

BERKELEY, Calif. (JWB): "The Olympics won't determine which country has the best athletes, but which has the best pharmacists," says Phil Shinnick, a former Olympic long jumper. "What counts the most is to have the right pill."

According to Shinnick, Olympic athletes no longer worry about the ethics of taking illegal drugs, but only about which drugs are the best and can go undetected in the tests given after competition. The official rules of the International Amateur Athletic Federation state: "No agent that stimulates muscles and nerves, or paralyzes the sense of fatigue can be used in international competition." Yet at the 1968 Mexico City Games a third of the American team used drugs. At Munich the percentage would be higher. And it isn't only the Americans but the whole world which is getting into this pharmaceutical competition.

Shinnick, a former world record holder in the long jump presently works with the Institute for Study of Sports and Society, a group trying to radicalize American sports away from its "win at any cost" philosophy. He is still active in competition and this year just missed making the US Olympic team. For the past several years Shinnick has studied the problem of drugs and lectured and written on the subject. Recently he testified before President Nixon's Commission of Drug Abuse about the use of illegal stimulants

in sports. Needless to say the American press has not picked up the subject. Sports writers don't want to face the fact that their disciplined clean-cut heroes are part of an extensive "drug culture."

The sport where drug use is most widespread is professional football—now America's new national pastime. To get ready for the full stadiums players take pep pills to get a psychological lift, inject doses of pain-killing drugs to deaden pain from serious injuries, and take hormones to build up their size. According to Dave Maggry, a former player who wrote an autobiography about his years as a football gladiator, the team trainers give players any drugs they want.

Already there are several legal suits in the courts charging football teams with causing permanent physical injuries because of drug usage. Huston Ridge of the San Diego football team has filed a \$1,250,000 suit against his team for giving him amphetamines, anabolic steroids, and painkillers and ordering him to play with a hip injury. Because of the drugs the injury was aggravated and Ridge had to retire from football. A similar suit for \$1,750,000 has been filed by Ken Gray against his St. Louis team. Gray charges "potent, harmful, illegal, and dangerous drugs were administered without his consent."

Painkiller drugs such as injections of novocaine have been used by athletes for years. They are "shot up" into a torn or strained muscle to keep the athlete on the playing field because he cannot feel the pain from his injury. The danger of this practice is the greatest when it is used on young inexperienced athletes. Usually those given the injections are the best players who are needed on the field for an "important" contest. It isn't uncommon to see a coach risk a permanent injury to a young athlete for the goal of "winning at any cost."

The most common drugs used in sports are amphetamines such as Benzedrine, Dexedrine and methamphetamine. They are used to mask fatigue in sports requiring great endurance. Sprinters and jumpers use them to gain self confidence and thus a psychological edge over their rival. French cyclist Jacques Anquetil claims that all cyclists do these themselves, and those who say they don't are liars. At the 1970 World Weightlifting Championships nine of the first twelve medalists were disqualified when urine tests showed they had taken amphetamines before the competition.

The injection of anabolic steroids is a relatively new practice in sports. Steroids are usually given to cattle to increase their size and to produce more beef. This drug was first used experimentally in the late 1960s by "muscle men" on the beaches of Southern

California. Because it can produce a dramatic increase in size it was soon picked up by athletes, especially those in sports where weight and strength are of importance. Unlike other chemical aids steroids are not used just on the day of performance, but are taken to alter the body through a long-range programme of a

"They are great for medals, but hell for your sex life," says an athlete who has used the drug. Because of the danger of permanent physical injuries some athletes have tried to give up drugs, only to find they could no longer match their previous performances. World shot-outting Randy Matson went off steroids several years ago. At

youngsters. On the field there are always rumours of better drugs being perfected in other countries. For example at the American Olympic trials there was a story that a European country has a new drug that can be inhaled before competition—the effect wears off in 30 seconds, and there are no chemicals that can be detected



regular dosage combined with extensive weightlifting. Steroids are hormones produced by the testes and the cortex of the adrenal glands, and they help body building through the assimilation of protein which then goes to increase muscle size.

"Almost all the weight men and decathlon performers rely heavily on steroids," says Shinnick. World record holder shot putters such as Randy Matson and Dallas Long, as well as our best hammer throwers have admitted taking them.

The danger of long term use of steroids isn't clear, but the first few studies have uncovered dangerous signs. Dr. Allan J. Ryan of the University of Wisconsin suspects that steroids increase the chance of cancer of the prostate. Dr. William M. Fowler of the University of California reports that steroids cause atrophy of the testes.

The final try-outs for the US Olympic squad he was beaten by three newcomers who make no secret of their dedication to the body building drug. Decathlon record holder Bill Toomey, known as "the chemical athlete" because of the programme he followed in building himself up to a world champion, decided to kick drugs before the 1968 Olympics. However, when he found out all his competitors were using drugs he decided to meet them on an equal basis. Toomey, a prominent television sports announcer in the US, now vehemently denies he EVER used drugs of any kind.

"The justification athletes use for taking drugs is simple," Shinnick says. "Why be at a disadvantage against your competition? The older athletes are the ones more likely to take chemical aids to keep in par with upcoming

by tests."

"In sports today there is an incredible pressure to win. This is especially true in America," Shinnick says. "After you win there is the same pressure to keep performing at the same high level—like a machine. Otherwise you are a failure, a has-been. Even second place becomes disconcerting. Americans from President Nixon on down hold to the cliché 'Winning isn't everything. It is the only thing.' That colours everything about our society, from politics to sports. Only the 'super' athlete who is always on top gets rewards. And to be this super athlete you have to perform at a level you cannot possibly maintain without drugs. You may win medals and stay on top for a while, but you may lose your bulls in the process."

## I WAS A SEVEN STONE WEAKLING —UNTIL I DISCOVERED STREETSELLING



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# Day of the Whale...

BY Malcolm Beskin.

**LONDON:** Ironically the whale was adopted as the official symbol of the recent United Nations Conference on the Human Environment. Ironically, because for hundreds of years this most intelligent and sensitive of mammals has been ruthlessly slaughtered, a monument to man's rapacity and indifference to anything which does not offer a quick profit. If nothing is done the whale will become extinct and its like will never again be seen on Earth.

Which is why, from noon till dusk on Sunday September 10th, upwards of 9000 people gathered in Trafalgar Square for a Save the Whale free concert. This concert was organised by a group of four concerned people who call themselves the Whale Fan Club. The focal point of the concert was the Save the Whale petition. It is hoped that the signed-for 20,000 signature petition will show sufficient evidence of public concern for the Department of Trade and Industry to ban the import of all whale products into this country. The UK imports £3½ million worth of all these products every year, which amounts to a terrifyingly huge number of dead whales.

To this end, the Whale Fan Club with the help of Friends of the Earth, and many other caring people got together this concert.

The afternoon started with a nice set by Magna Carta, faced with the daunting task of trying to interest the still assembled crowd, which at this time was mainly composed of rather confused tourists, cameras akimbo. They coped by being super-professional not to mention talented. Magna Carta were closely followed by the first of four sets by the (at this time, still only semi-pissed) Chingford Morris Men.

At this time, conclusive proof, as if any were needed, that God was on our side was delivered along beams of most unexpected but welcome sunshine. The multitudes made themselves more comfortable and proceeded to bask in the heat.

The Morris Men and the beat wave preceded the beginning of the educational aspect of the afternoon. Speakers from FOE, Conservation and Vegetarian Societies, Beauty Without Cruelty, Animal Action Group, and the RSPCA made moving pleas about the sorry plight of the whale.

Jenny Beeching provided the next pleasant interlude, then came two guys called Pisces who paved the way for another set from the now Incapable Chingford Morris Men.

Hocket, a very fine folk-rock band produced a great set containing such offerings as a 12th century hard rock ballad. They were followed by the high point of the afternoon, Tir Na Nog, who played oblivious to all, for an hour and a half. The crowd sang, clapped and danced with this amazing band, and a grand time was had by all, an excellent note to finish on.

The Whale Fan Club would like to thank all the hands who played this gig entirely free, they would not even take expenses (it's nice to know that there are still some left). But, most of all, the Club would like to thank all the people who turned up and made the day a peaceful, and above all happy, success.

If you care about whales, or indeed any of the other beauties of our environment which are currently being fucked-up by so many people, get in contact with Friends of the Earth, 9 Poland Street, London W1 (01 437 6121) and help to fight for a cleaner, more beautiful place to live in.





# THE HOTLINE (?) TO YOKO



By Brian Cullman.

**NEW YORK (Creem/UPS):** When I went to see *A Clockwork Orange* she was there. So was her husband. They sat down right beside me, just like man and wife, taking up the usually standard two seats and playing with their hands in the conciliatory masturbational way we've all come to know and love, and absolutely nothing happened! Not one fucking thing happened!

Back when *Trash* came out, Art Garfunkel sat next to me at a screening, and he giggled all through the film, especially when all you could see on the screen were huge, collapsed veins. He really got excited by them, giggling and occasionally licking his lips. There was something definitely wrong with that boy, and it was a joy to watch. But here were John and Yoko, the Les Paul and Mary Ford of the counter culture, and they were just sitting there. John didn't make any witty comments. Yoko didn't cut holes in her box of popcorn and try to watch the movie from the perspective of the melted butter. They didn't fuck during the dirty parts. I didn't hear them mention John Sinclair's name once. It was a fucking drag, that's what it was, and if Stanley Kubrick had been there he would have cried, broken down and cried all over his seat because there are times when you expect to dance and then find that you've got no legs.

Well, a while after that, I was reading a copy of the *New Haven Rock Press* (one of the worst fanzines around and a definite loser), and at the end of an article on John and Yoko, the writer said:

If you'd like to talk to Yoko about the avant-garde, here's her phone number: and he gave away her private number. I'm no fool, I'm not going to tell you what it is! I'm after the same thing you are,

and anyway, I can't believe she really wants tripped-out assholes to call her at four in the morning just so they can do Gene Vincent imitations. Shit, it was bad enough when Richard Meltzer was sending me cold pizzas. Fame is a hard thing to deal with. But then again, I figured maybe she really did want that phone number printed, maybe she really wanted some phone calls. It's lonely at the top, what the hell. You figure John Cage must be sick of her by now, and it's too early to start making Christmas cards out of peanut butter, so what else is there to do but hope that maybe someone will call. Phones are a pretty amazing thing in their own right, when you get right down to it, pretty little pieces of black plastic poetry. Just imagine calling somebody up and then melting your phone while they listened. You can't tell me Yoko wouldn't love something like that! I figured she was wondering why I hadn't called... in fact, I thought that maybe she was the one who sent me a copy of the *New Haven Rock Press* just so I'd call her. Pretty sneaky, but those Orientals are known for things like that. No doubt about it, the girl is clever. Anyone who can go from *Fly to Reparat* and the Delrons (chick "Sisters O Sisters") is not only on the ball, but is positively sharp. Let's see Patty Waters top that act! So, if Yoko really wanted me to call, I figured I was a pretty poor sport not to.

It might be a bit awkward... you know, she might be embarrassed about having bricked me into dialing that number (which after all might turn out to be the phone of some cheesy delicatessen), so I figured it might be best not to mention where I'd gotten the number. And talking about the avant-garde might give me away also. And, since the baseball strike's been settled, there's really not a whole lot to talk about. I thought the best idea was to play for her. Just like "The Little Drummer Boy" that you used to

hear about every Christmas only instead of a drum I had a concertina.

So I dialed. The phone rang a couple of times. I do that myself sometimes—you know, let it ring so they won't think you're too anxious. But she was definitely eager when she picked up the other end of the phone.

"Hello," she said. That sexy voice, I recognized it from the records, from movies, from the Dick Cavett show, but it was warmer, closer, stranger and almost musky, thick with love expectations. My hands were shaking. You can fool your mind, but there are times, inexplicable times of great moment, when your body is awed. I couldn't let her catch on to the fact that I was slowly turning to cream cheese.

"Hello," I answered. "I'd like to speak to Yoko." There! Acting as though I didn't recognize her. Like Humphrey Bogart asking Ingrid Bergman for a match, and after all these years, saying haven't I seen you someplace before, kid?

"Yes," she said (still keeping up that impossible, brave front), "who is this?"

Without hesitation, I dropped the phone to my knees and began playing my beautiful red concertina, playing a medley of Scottish hop tunes and ending with a simply fabulous rendition of "A Life on the Rolling Sea." I dropped the concertina and picked up the phone. I could hear her breathing. Clearly she was enraptured (for seldom have I played so well), and the situation was beyond words. There was nothing to be said, our communication was full, total. Slowly, with amazing dignity and gentle respect, she hung up the receiver.

## New Blast



BY Rod Marining.

**SOUTH PACIFIC:** The Marquesas Islands are the most beautiful islands in the South Pacific. But maybe not for long. There have been reports from Papeete, Tahiti, that the French government is preparing a large nuclear test facility.

The Marquesas Islands are about 1,000 miles north-east of Tahiti. The beauty of these islands is often talked about by such people as Thor Heyerdahl of the *Kon Tiki* Raft and David McTaggart of the *Greenpeace III*.

There in the wild valleys of the Marquesas group, said Thor, just south of the equator, is the legendary home of the Man-God "Tiki." Here is where "Kon Tiki" the name of the balsa raft, originated. Like the famous Easter Islands, the Marquesas have huge stone statues called "round god's head". They have round eyes and stare blindly up at the heavens. Like those on Easter Island they too stand stiff, side by side, guarding some ancient secret, with their lips tightly locked.

An official spokesman denied charges that work was under way on the island of Eiao, one of the six Marquesas Islands. Yet, he was unable to explain the tight security on the island and the influx of atomic energy officials.

So there you have it, now that Mururoa Atoll is contaminated with radiation from this summer's atmospheric nuclear testing, the French now are planning to fuck another South Sea Island... Eiao.

P.S. Just as I was finishing this, a FM news report stated that... Several Tahitian Islanders have fallen ill and some have died after eating fish which may be linked to recent French nuclear tests in the area.

French government scientists believe the poisoned fish probably had been in contact with coral disease, according to Arthur Deane, head of the Papeete tax office. But visiting scientists said there was a definite link with the French nuclear tests at Mururoa Atoll.

The situation had become "quite serious" for the islanders. "Fish is the staple food. Now many of the people will not eat it for fear it may be contaminated," Dean said.

"Many people have been taken to hospital very ill from poisoning," and some of the older and weaker people have died, he added.

All one can say at this point is goodbye Marquesas Islands, goodbye Mururoa Atoll, goodbye stone statues, and I guess we will just have to say goodbye to those humble natives of the wild South Sea Islands.

## JAILHOUSE LAWYER WINS CASE: GETS \$7,500 IN DAMAGES FROM COP

**BROOKLYN, NY (LNS):** In one of the highest settlements of its kind ever awarded, a prisoner defending himself, received \$7,500 in damages from the cop who arrested him.

Jerry "the Jew" Rosenberg, one of the Attica inmates placed in segregation following the massacre on September 13, 1971, to wait for the indictments still to come, is a member of the National Lawyers Guild and got a law degree through a correspondence course while in prison. He has helped a large number of other prisoners with legal matters and has won some 39 cases for them.

Jerry, who was sentenced to life imprisonment in connection with the killing of a policeman,

confused his arresting officer, Detective Martin, who gave out press statements placing Jerry at the scene of the crime and identifying him as the killer. Such statements, said Rosenberg, affected his right to a fair trial.

Now, with one victory under his belt, Jerry will be suing five other cops in a similar action in October.

## GI'S DISOBEY ORDER PROHIBITING ANTI-WAR DEMOS IN EUROPE

**SCHWEINFURT (Germany) (LNS):** Last May, over 80 GIs defied the ban on demonstrations by GIs in Europe and showed their opposition to the war in Vietnam by staging a peaceful demonstration through the main streets of Schweinfurt. Finally halting outside the gate of the barracks, the demonstration lasted over 8 hours starting from a meeting in the city park at 10 am until around 6 pm when an order to disperse was given and obeyed. During the demonstration the GIs shouted chants, raised fists and read a series of demands to the brass.

Soon after the demonstration disciplinary actions followed. John Walsh was cited as a ringleader and brought to a court martial. Among his charges were breach of the peace and failure to obey two orders to leave the demonstration issued in hopes that it would then collapse. He beat three of the four charges against him but he got a reduction in rank and was fined for the fourth.

About 40 men got Article 15s (non-judicial punishment involving extra duty, restriction to base, etc). Two of the 40 men—William Burke and Wayne Ellison—refused the Article 15s on the grounds of their rights to demonstrate as American citizens.

On July 24, Bill Burke was given a reprimand after being convicted of violating the regulation. Following that, Ellison's lawyer went to see the convening authority, Col. Peters, to see if he would just drop the whole thing. Peters flatly refused, stating that he wanted to see some results in this last trial. Then the judge disqualified himself from the Ellison case, feeling the anger of the Colonel at the right sentence given by the jury in the last case.

Ellison's trial began on July 27. In addition to the demonstration charge, two others were tacked on. One was failure to wear a helmet on the firing range and the second larceny of a camera. Even the new judge couldn't let those charges stand, throwing them both out.

The judge handled the constitutional questions that the regulation violated the First Amendment with several curt "motion is denied's. As a result, Ellison's trial was over in one day. Ellison, too, was found guilty of violating the regulation and sentenced to 30 days at hard labour plus a reduction in rank. Col. Peters had finally gotten what he wanted—confinement for someone who participated in the demonstration.

As Ellison left the courtroom, he said he would willingly do the same thing again.

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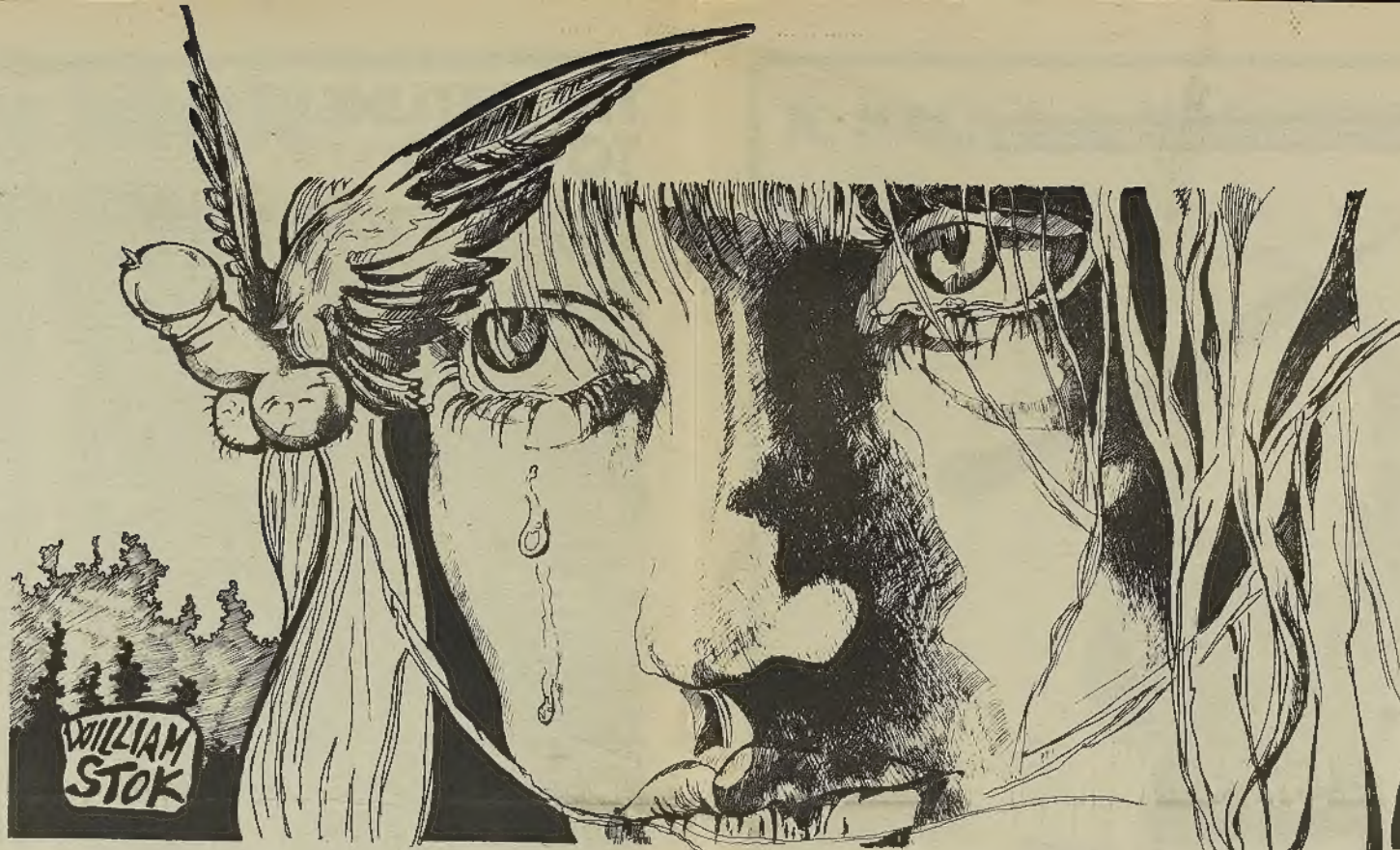


# Groupies

and MISS HARLOW MISS CYNTHIA P. CASTER GOLDIE GLITTER LIXIE & KATY ANDREA WHIPS PATTI CAKES

Produced by ROBERT KENNER Co-Produced by RONDORFFMAN and PETER HEYERD





BUT FOR A SINGLE FEATURE, Dorcas 8 would have been the least inviting planet yet discovered by Man. Her surface was a global sea of stagnant blue mud that clashed horribly with her lemon-yellow sky and continuously blurred up lazy mile-wide bubbles whose bursting loosed a scent that rivaled the mating ichor of the Areturan phlegm-toad. Certainly this depressing world and its dour inhabitants—a race of squat, plum-coloured mole-beings—would have been passed over entirely by the human race were it not for the special properties of her polar regions. Here, over small radii, she had “frozen” to a curious pseudo-solid that had proved to contain a subsurface fungus called *Truffle Aphroditis*, and here, therefore, Starfleet Command had dispatched the starship *Enterprise* to fetch several tons of this vitally important material for dispersal among certain highly placed friends in the Bureaucratic/Industrial Complex of Earth.

Captain Kirk felt relieved when the Dorcan work party hauled the final sledge-load of sealed freeze-canisters to the beam-up point. Transport these to the *Enterprise* and he could collect the members of his detail and get the hell out of here. Dorcas 8 gave him the creeps. He flipped open his communicator, gave an order, and watched with satisfaction as the canisters shimmered and vanished. The Dorcan miners had already received their payment; most of them now headed for the bawdy houses among the nearby tumble of shacks that composed this planet's largest “city”. Repressing a shudder of distaste, Kirk put his hands to his mouth and called, “Scotty! Sulu! Chekov! Let's go!”

Lieutenant Sulu and Ensign Chekov emerged obligingly from an edge of the shantytown and jogged to Kirk's side. As they came to attention, he noted on their faces expressions that were slightly too innocent.

“Well, gentlemen. Where's Mr. Scott?”

Sulu and Chekov exchanged blank looks.

“Mr. Scott, sir? We thought he was with you, sir,” said Sulu.

Since Kirk was standing in the midst of a flat, empty clearing, obviously alone, he accepted this answer with some reservations. He repeated his question to the remaining pair of Dorcan miners, who were loitering a few yards distant, eyeing the Terrans curiously. They convulsed in sudden chattering laughter, twitching their snout whiskers in delight, and walked slowly away. Kirk was beginning to grow angry.

“Lieutenant, I'm not asking again. Where is Mr. Scott?”

Sulu cast a glance at Chekov, but the Ensign's attention seemed riveted on a largish bubble swelling on the left horizon. Swallowing, he turned back to Kirk.

“Well sir, you know how Scotty ... that is, Mr. Scott, sir ... how he never takes leave on any of the planets where we stop, how he spends all his leave time in the ship's library reading technical manuals?”

## ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE LAST DAY THEY FILMED ‘STAR TREK’

by CHRIS MILLER

Kirk nodded impatiently.

“Well, uh, Ensign Chekov and I were talking the other night and we found ourselves wondering ...”

Sulu was sweating. He appeared to be having difficulty finishing.

“Yes?”

“... wondering, sir, whether Mr. Scott had ever ...”

He broke off, flapped his mouth soundlessly twice, then turned beseechingly to Chekov.

“... ever had relations, Captain,” Chekov finished for him, and nodded, as if in agreement with himself.

“What are you two talking about? What have you done with Mr. Scott?”

Chekov stopped closer and spoke conspiratorially.

“We got him laid, sir.”

“Laid?” Kirk was aghast. “Laid? Laid by whom?”

“You mean by what, sir,” said Sulu.

“Are you telling me you brought Mr. Scott, my chief engineer, to a Dorcan female, an alien, to get him laid?”

That's right, sir,” said Chekov brightly.

“Well, let's go get him then, gentlemen. We want to get out of here, don't we?”

Uncomfortable silence.

“I'm afraid we can't go get him, sir. He's been eaten.”

“What? You mean Scotty actually submitted to an act of fel—?”

“No, sir, I mean he was eaten. It turns out that Dorcans are carnivorous, sir.”

Kirk could scarcely believe his ears. “Scotty ...”

“eaten? Lieutenant, Ensign, consider yourselves confined to quarters.” He flipped open his communicator.

“Kirk here. Security team to the transporter room. Beam us up.”

The transporter caught them in its field, pricking Kirk's skin a bit more than usual, he thought.

HE HAD SCARCELY REMANDED his two junior officers to custody, when he received a call from the bridge.

“Spock here, Captain. I'm afraid I have some bad news for you. In your absence, Engineering reported the disappearance of our entire supply of dilithium crystals.”

Kirk was staggered. Without dilithium crystals, the great engines of the *Enterprise* were so much junk. He and his crew were stranded in orbit around a miserable blue mud-ball, seventeen million light years from Earth.

This on top of the loss of his chief engineer ... He felt suddenly the need for a shot of Saurian brandy.

“Spock, do what you can. I'll meet you on the bridge in ten minutes. Kirk out.”

He turned from the wall grid and walked rapidly to Dr. McCoy's medical complex. His head throbbed dully.

“Bones,” he called, “everything's gone wrong. Scotty's dead, Sulu and Chekov are acting insane, and our entire dilithium crystal supply has vanished.”

McCoy entered from his inner lab. “And you thought a nice shot of Saurian brandy might help, I'll bet. Well, fine. In fact, I prescribe it.” He poured a shot of the ruby liquor and passed it to Kirk with a wink.

“Bones, thanks.” Kirk downed it, felt grateful for the small fireball it made in his belly. “Now, about Sulu and—”

“Way ahead of you, Jim boy. Those two've been acting strange for a few days now. I think I've synthesized the corative serum. Come have a look.”

Kirk followed him into the rear lab. On the far wall, hanging by her wrists from a pair of brackets, was Nurse Chapel. She was nude.

“Bones, what ...?”

“Yes, I'm proud of her too, Jim. Christine is donating a vital ingredient to that serum I just mentioned. Aren't you, honey?” He reached up and titillated her labia with a medical tool.

“Marrghhh! Leonard, Leonard, you Svengali,” moaned Nurse Chapel, and several droplets of bright, clear liquid winked from her interior to plop into a Florence flask affixed between her thighs by an arrangement of clamps. McCoy pulled the flask free and held it up for inspection.

“See, Jim? Essence de Low Tide!”

Kirk strode rapidly to a wall grid. “Security to Dr. McCoy's laboratory, on the double.”

Dr. McCoy began to laugh.

AFTER THE DOCTOR WAS led away, Kirk half-ran to an elevator. He wanted the solidity of Spock, needed his counsel. But when he arrived on the bridge, he found it deserted but for Lieutenant Uhura.

“Where is everybody? Where's Spock?”

“Ah don't know, Captain. When Missuh Spock say you wuz comin' up, dey all start laughin'. Den dey run out an' Spock go chasin' after dem.”

Kirk rolled his eyes helplessly. “What is going on around here? Lieutenant, contact Starfleet immediately. I need help.” He took his captain's chair.

He felt numbed by the recent sequence of events, too dispirited even to make a log entry. He didn't

notice Uhura standing quietly beside him for several moments.

“Oh, Lieutenant. You've reached Starfleet?”

“Yassuh, Cappin, ah got an open channel on de receiver mah daddy give me.” She lifted her uniform skirt and thrust her nether Afro at Kirk, spreading herself open with the fingers of both hands. From within, a tiny voice called, “Kirk, are you there?”

This is Starfleet Command calling the *Enterprise*. Have we been cut off?”

Kirk could find no words. “Here, Cappin.”

gurred Uhura, mounting his chair and pushing her pud close to his face. Just then, the elevator doors whisked open and Spock strode briskly onto the bridge.

“Captain!” He raised an eyebrow.

“Spock! Am I ever glad to see you! Listen, we've got to—Lieutenant, will you get off me?—do something! The whole crew's gone crazy!”

“Yes, sir. I believe I have isolated the cause. It appears that after you beamed down alone to the planet, Mr. Scott and Dr. McCoy removed about a third of the dilithium crystals and snorted them.”

“They snorted our dilithium crystals?”

“That is correct, Captain. They seemed pleased at the physiological consequences and made an aerosol of the remaining crystals, which they disseminated through the ship's ventilators some minutes before Scott and the others joined you on the planet's surface.” He paused. “Naturally, as a Vulcan, I was unaffected.”

“Spock, will I be affected?”

“Yes, sir, you will. But I believe I have found an antidote for you. On Cullvan, it has long been known that many forms of mental imbalance can be easily cured by the ingestion of certain internal fluids of Terran females. In fact, before your world and mine established diplomatic contact, Vulcans occasionally appeared on Earth in what your ancestors called “flying saucers” and removed a female or two. Remember Amelia Earhart? But I digress. I suggest you allow Lieutenant Uhura to help you.”

He sat Kirk back down and motioned to the comely communications officer, who—gaily re-attained Kirk's chair arms, squatted, and drew his face into the musky dimness of her chocolate parfall.

“Eat, Captain, you'll feel better,” came Spock's distant voice.

Shrugging, Kirk began to chew. He'd barely begun, however, when he felt the lieutenant's brimming muzzle pulled rudely away. He opened his eyes to find Scotty, Sulu, Chekov, McCoy, Nurse Chapel, and Spock arrayed before him, grinning and nudging one another.

“I think we can stop this little charade right here, Captain,” said Spock.

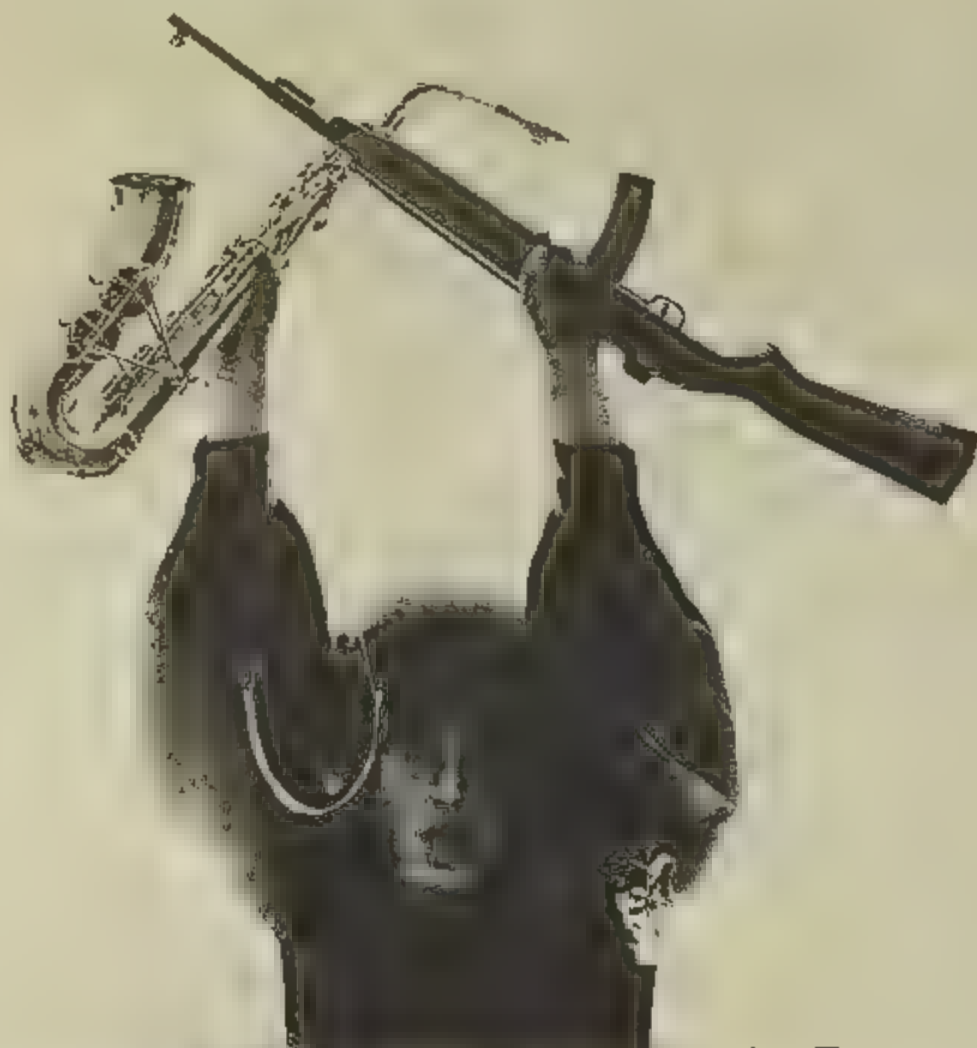
“What are you talking about?” asked Kirk, bewildered. “Why?”

“Because, Jim,” chanted his crew in unison, “this is the Old Dream Ending!”

And when Gene Roddenberry woke up, he found several mouthfuls missing from his mattress.



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# A HACK'S A HACK FOR A' THAT

continued from page 1

way to International Ops and Philip Marlowe. EE 'Doc' Smith, HP Lovecraft and Robert E Howard adorned the fantastic pages of Weird Tales and spread around other successes was the early work of such literary biggies as Tennessee Williams, Paul Gallico, Ray Bradbury, Max Brand, Edgar Wallace and Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of one of the longest lasting of pulp heroes, Tarzan. They wrote tens of thousands of words, week in, week out, for around a nickel (5c) a word, though sometimes you could ask double that.

**P**robably the most outstanding of the Pulp writers was not one of those embryo superstars, but one Walter Brown Gibson, who wrote, as did four other men, under the pseudonym of Maxwell Grant, and who created The Shadow—one of the biggest of Pulp heroes, one who was even given what in the thirties was the ultimate accolade—his own radio show. Gibson explains his writing technique: "...to meet the shadow's schedule I had to hit 5000 words or more per day. I geared for 5000 and found that instead of being worn out by that pace I was just reaching my peak. I made 10,000 words my goal and found that I could reach it. Some stories I wrote in four days each, averaging 1,500 words a day or nearly 60 typewritten pages.

Gibson sustained this pace for the first fifteen years of the Shadow's career, 60,000 words in four days every two weeks. 282 stories, 17 million words give or take a few. He worked with not one but three typewriters to hand. When one began to 'feel' tired, he'd quickly switch to another and so on through the three. While Gibson beat the world for sheer output, even the Shadow, who married not only his audio spot but games, masks and all the usual exploitation paraphernalia, had to bow out in the public acclaim stakes when he faced Doc Savage, penned by Lester Dent, who like Gibson, had learnt his style as a reporter. Dent actually went so far as to formalise the secret of his stylistic facility and the plan he gave out worked not only for the pulps of the thirties and forties, but holds good for most 'adventure' and 'thriller' books and films today. 'First Part: (i) introduce the hero and swat him with a fistful of trouble, add menace or mystery. (ii) Hero tries to solve mystery. (iii) Introduce all other characters. (iv) near the end of the first quarter, physical conflict and surprise twist. Make it all happen logically. And so it went in great detail, until the end of Part Four: 'Final twist, big climax' and Dent pinned this message above his faithful typewriter: 'No yarn of mine written to this formula has failed to sell.' It has worked on adventure, detective, western and airwar. It tells exactly where to put everything.

Dent's formula had evolved by the 930s. To reach its perfection and assured infallibility, the Pulp had been evolving themselves for over thirty years already. Originating in the Dime Novels of the 1890s, with such stars as Frank Merriwell, whose exploits were chronicled by 'Burt I. Standish' and whose crime fighting was interspersed by superlative performances as a Yale football hero, the Pulp owed much to the growth of phototype printing in the early years of the century. Up to then the popular magazines, such as Scribners and The Century, had proved themselves out of the reach of the mass reading market in America. At a quarter each they just hurt too big a hole in a pocket filled with meagre wages. Called 'Slicks' they could not challenge the onslaught of the Pulp, who could slash prices to a mere ten cents.

The Pulp boomed and their times multiplied every week. Initially no more than cheaper versions of the family entertainment oriented Slicks, the mood changed as the century progressed, and the optimism of the early years was weakened by the American intervention in the Great War and obliterated by the Wall Street Crash of 1929 and the subsequent depression era. With virtually no difference between profit and loss, an issue could make \$9 or 1000 dollars, no-one could guarantee either. Pulp publishing was a risky business. By the Second World War the production costs had risen drastically and after the war the Pulp just staggered on to their doom at the hands of the pulplike cheap novels and the upsurge of men's magazines, spearheaded by Playboy. When the most sexually adventurous Pulp had been the awkward revelations of Spicy Detective, still worthy of the most clandestine sales methods, the unabashed (for the time) pages of Playboy and the like just didn't give them a chance. Tits and the end of paper quotas (imposed during the Depression and war) saw the Pulp off the stands for good. The few 'True Detective' type magazines that persist today are pale reflections of those great days. 'I was a Death Doll in a Nazi Terror Camp' hasn't got the punch, not to mention the writing talent of 'You'll Never Die Rich. Ah Walkie.' The Isles of Romance, waving palms, skeletons softly playing—but the golden sands were washed with crimson and for Betty Hart it was the last aloha.

**R**ailroads, Detectives, Sex and Sci-Fi. The Pulp offered everything, but it is in their superheroes that they really gave the world a way out of the grim years in which they were published. In crime capitals the world over criminals gather in secret and smugly plan attacks on the populace at large. Hell's Kitchen in New York, Limehouse in London, under the

shadows of Sacre Coeur in Paris, along the Tiber in Rome, in the back streets of Berlin, beside the Bund in Shanghai, in San Francisco's Chinatown, in cities the world over crooks mumble their plans of murder, arson, theft—every crime known to man. But hidden in a sanctum in New York, a being in black ponders beneath a blue light and slyly chuckles to himself as he peruses the reports of his agents. For The Shadow knows!

The Shadow was a man among men, a hero among heroes. He fought crime with every cliché in his creator's fertile brain. His weaponry spat death 'snarling, bestial fiends fell with dying curses on their evil lips', his eyes 'of a shrouded unseen observer', burned from the darkness, probing the bodies and hearts of the wrongdoer. The Shadow knew. But beyond his sight, his strength and his knowledge, the Shadow had one weapon feared in the darkest places of criminal refuge. 'It was the laugh of the Shadow—that weird knowing mockery that characterised this strange unseen master of the night.' His laugh, portrayed for a time on radio by no less a luminary than Orson Welles, was omnipotence personified. It was capable of conveying infinitely variable shades of meaning. It reduced strong men to abject terror, encouraged

the good man whose will faltered, it was that secret weapon that superpowers still dream of. 'Shots from thrusting guns stabbed at a common target, looming blackness that could only represent the Shadow, since there was nobody else about. Instead of collapsing, that shape loomed higher and grew huge as though magnified by the fog. The Shadow seemed to be gaining a gigantic stature, his taunting laugh rising with him.'

Doc Savage, from whose adventures it is possible that the name for that superhero of the fifties and beyond—Superman—emerged, was a man, whom, had he been on the wrong side of the law, might have given the Shadow a run for his money. His armoury of gadgets rivalled that of James Bond, and they were all put to deadly and devastating use. 'From his finger tips Doc stripped tiny bronze caps. These were thumblike and so cleverly constructed that only the closest scrutiny would reveal their presence. The thumblike held tiny hypodermic needles containing a drug which induced instant unconsciousness...' With his fingertips freed of the caps, Doc drew another of the pigeon eggs of metal. He wedged this in a cranny of the coarse timbers of the door, released the time trigger and leaped back, hands covering his ears. There was a flash, an ear splitting roar! Parts of the ceiling came down. The door was turned into a cloud of flying beams and massive cedar planks. Drawn on his covers to look as much like Clark Gable as possible, Savage joined the ranks of mass heroes who offered a fantasy escape in the thirties and forties. He vanished in 1946 but in 1964 he returned, issued in collected sets of the old tales by Bantam Books.





**W**hile Pulp, whether their content was concerned with detectives or space monsters, took the path already explained in Lester Dent's formula and were therefore, topic aside, basically one and the same, they did make one breakthrough, although in comparison with past 1940s developments, it was no more than a weak gesture. The Pulp offered the public quasi-respectable pornography. In the twenties there emerged such Pulp as Zest, Pep and Snappy Stories. They were, to use an understatement, mud porn, with a lack of sex that must have infuriated their purchasers, but they still came from behind the counter in that plain brown wrapper, definitive pointer to a good grubby parcel.

They tried to arouse with passages like the following, but the hardened pervert would have probably got more out of a Gideon Bible. 'One wore a skirt slit so severely up the side that Ferdinand could see not only the limits of her musty stockings, but spaces inches of woman-flesh ... Her breasts, all but bared by the dazzling, daring economy of her brilliant sown bodice, were like perfectly shaped, tender and carefully bleached gourds cradled with coral ... Hot stuff!! As the years passed, the sex became slightly more blatant. With the advent of Spicy Detective in 1934, people did obtain a little more titillation for their money. Culture Publications, who brought out

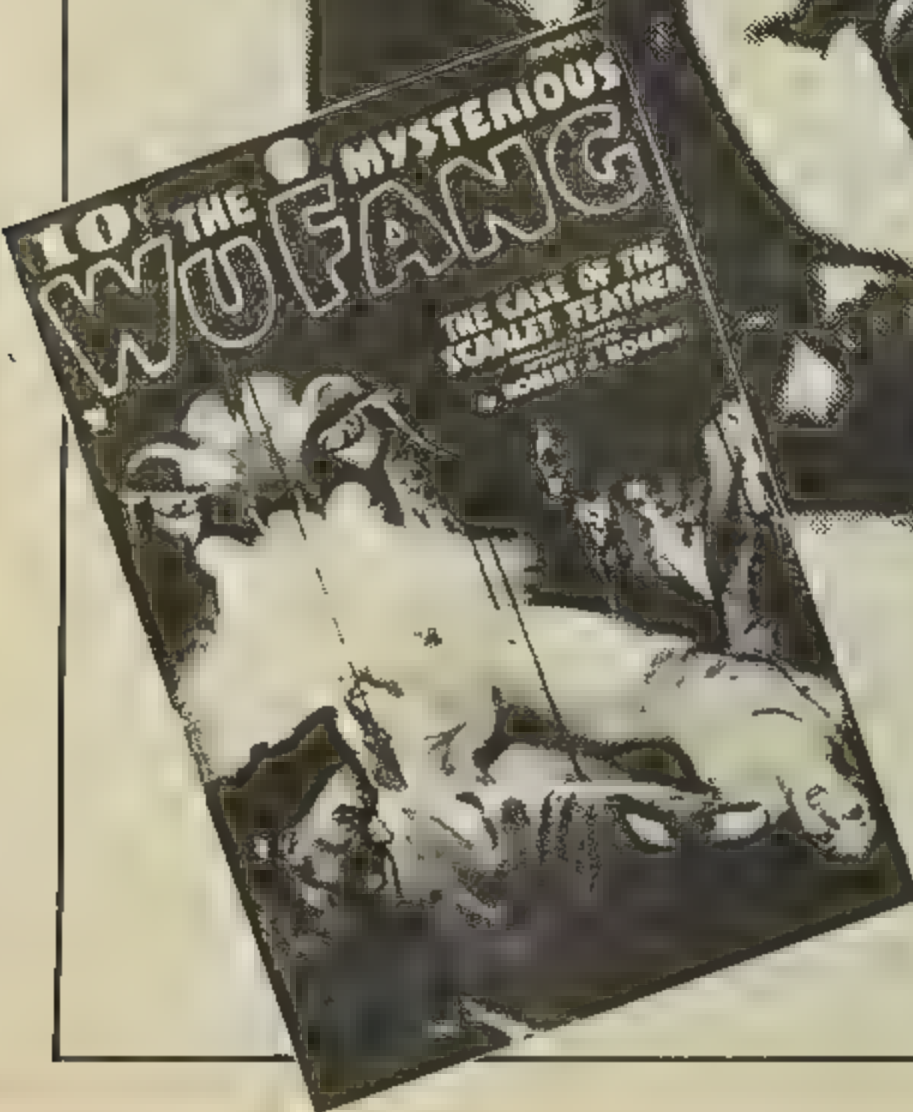
Spicy Detective, soon realised they were on to a good thing. Spicy Adventure, Spicy Mystery and Spicy Western followed. The latter, as far as its covers show, differed only from the other Spicys with the addition of a horse who looked lugubriously on as the baddy - his guns on his hips rather than in the usual shoulder holster - advanced on the minimally clad cunt. A far cry from Donkey Love or Dog Instruction, and other such potentials for RSPCA approval. Thighs were still alabaster, breasts coral, tipped and there wasn't a fuck in sight but at least what was allowed onto the page was moving slightly nearer to exciting description. Remarkably similar to the 'good bits' in the 1950s adventures of James Bond, this piece of slap and tickle was foisted on the thrill-hungry public in 1936. It's author was Robert E Howard, better known as the creator of Conan the Barbarian, and he wrote this under the name Sam W. Ser.

'She was at once actor and spectator in a beastly drama. She could not escape the shameful sight of her own writhings

and the eager brutish hands of Woon Yuen remorselessly subduing her hopeless desperate struggles. As she felt the greedy yellow fingers on her cringing flesh she saw ... her quivering white breasts, her dress torn - dishevelled, the scarlet skirt in startling contrast to the white thighs, with only a wisp of silk protecting them as they frantically flexed, twisted and writhed. Then with a sucking gasp of breath between his grinding teeth, Woon Yuen tore the filmy underthings to rags on her body.

'You got a bowl intended for soup, went over to the hot water nozzle and filled your bowl. You sidled along to where you got the soup and picked up a couple of glassine bags of crackers (free), supposedly to go with the soup. You now went to one of the tables, sat down and crumbled the crackers into the hot water. Every table had a bottle of ketchup. You emptied about half the ketchup into the hot water and cracker mixture. Presto - tomato soup.' Frank Gruber, whose heroes Oliver Quade, Simon Lash and Johnny Fletcher swaggered and fought

their way through the pages of Black Mask, recalls the less pleasant times of writing for the pulps. When the money wasn't flowing in. And to some areas of opinion, as far as the Pulp and their authors and publishers were concerned, the leaner times became for them the better. 'The matter of Pulp,' complained a schoolmaster in 1936, 'constitutes a menace to pupils' morals. English and mind. What she didn't mention was that it gave them plenty more enjoyment than her dry texts, and that the so-called menace to English can be seen in retrospect as the birth of a new style of writing. Less wordy than its predecessors, less concerned with idealistic situations, more with harsh realities. The Pulp were by no means paragons of literacy. Some were lousy. They duly died young, others, of higher standards, lived to a ripe old age, with all the material rewards that such longevity assured for their creators. The arrival of sex-magazines, the return of the cheap novel which offered pulp-like material, though with one long story for comparable prices and the start of the comic book industry all spelled out problems, and finally death, for pulps. When, in 1953, a major distributor refused to distribute anything but more profitable sex-oriented slicks, Pulp vanished from the bookstands. They had ridden the crest of the mass production created by new printing methods and had helped many people escape from the drab practicalities of their existence between and during two major wars. They had been the greatest mass publishing boom in an era before paperbacks and for thirty years they had rivalled the cinema for popular appeal. We shall not see their like again.






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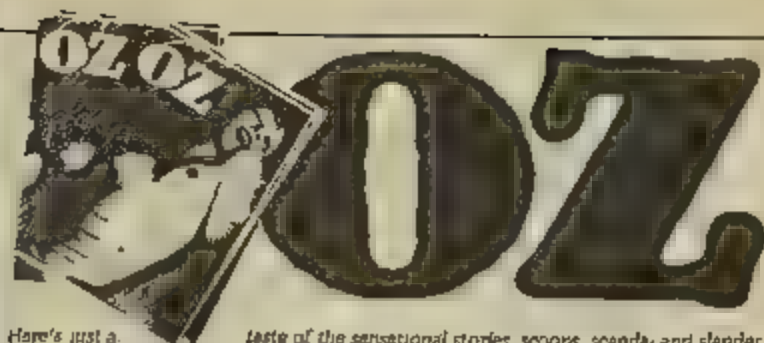
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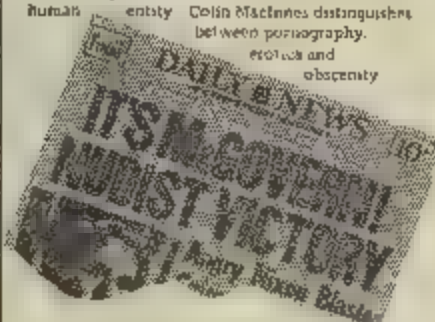
THE GATE

## Bummer Of '72

Down and out in Amsterdam and Notting Hill Gate. This OZ in-depth probe looks at two counter culture situations and concludes that the mindlessly bored freaks of today mean bulldozers and big capital tomorrow.

## Virgin Sperm Dance

The Amsterdam children's book of erotica. The sensational story in words and pictures of Joopie, the boy who became a girl for a day. A lusty journey towards sexual fulfilment from masturbation and vibrators to group rape. Joopie discovers how to become a total human entity. Colin MacInnes distinguishes between pornography, erotica and obscenity.



## McGovernment!

The fall of Richard Nixon! George McGovern gets the audit vote, the weak vote, the gay vote and sweeps the presidential polls with his four point politics of candour. Bayle is reinstated and consolidated, he stands with the massive support of all those Americanists who have undergone psychiatric treatment.



## Hot Rats

New York may have ally rats in its sewers, but we have rodents in our restaurants and mice in our mansions. Horrifying act and an amazing scoop for your jets.



## Kamikaze Kids

Remember Year Harbort? You probably don't on the Japanese suicide pilots are in the air again, breaking down wind and proving violent revolt from Tokyo to Tel Aviv. Practise survival, hunt for your package, our holiday.



## Menstruation

Red sails in an ancient dialectic plus the year's most sensational photograph. Allison Fell! Up away the seventh veil from the last of the Whitehouse monuments. He under-stairs and you

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"I've worked with three bands, four including when I was a kid, but three pro bands. We got on stage and did it anyway under the lights, but those boys really help you. The singer is only as good as the band, and this is the first band that really helped me. I got a drummer, man that drives me up a wall. I wanna tell you, I was doing this shit in a time last week, you know how you have versa, bridge, verse, and then you have a vamp. The vamp is free, it's Janis, Janis gets to sing or talk or walk around the stage and act sexy, whatever she wants to do, right. It's free, and all the band is supposed to do is keep up the groove. So I was singing, 'Well I told that man, I said baby, I said baby, I said baby.' I went up in thirds, and when I hit that high 'baby' and I did a kick with my ass to the right the drummer went bam! with a rim shot, and I turned around and said 'My God, where did you learn that part, man, I just made it up a minute ago.' I walked off stage and said, 'Where did you learn to play behind singers like that?' and he said, 'I used to back strippers.' That's how you learn to play, man."

When Janis Joplin died of a drug overdose on October 4th 1970 she was far from the pretty girl singers who have thronged the pop charts with candy floss love songs. Outside of jazz, from Doris Day to Lulu, there has never been a woman who was prepared to stand on a stage and sing openly about her own emotional, often animal needs with such devastating honesty.

"I've got lots of tie-dyed velvet ... I had these tie-dyed satin sheets, the most beautiful fuckin' sheets in the world and I started makin' it with this cowboy and he shredded them up with his cowboy boots. Three-hundred-dollar satin sheets shredded by cowboy boots. I loved every minute of it."

Janis was born in 1943 in Port Arthur,

# JANIS

A LOOK AT A JET AGE RED HOT MAMA  
ON THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF HER DEATH

Texas, a small oil town on the Texas Louisiana border, where, as she grew up, her first interests were painting and poetry, and in the ultra conservative South this was the start of Janis getting an early bad girl label. Her father recalls Janis's early years as being difficult.

"She mostly kept to herself. She had a pretty rough time of it in high school. She insisted on dressing and acting differently and they hated her for it. There were no people she could relate to, talk to. As far as Port Arthur was concerned, she was one of the first revolutionary youth. There's lots of them now."

In her late teens Janis began to become interested in music, listening to records of Leadbelly and Bessie Smith, and learning to play the guitar. In college she began playing for drinks, but had little idea of making a career in music until Chet Helms, one of the men who master-minded much of the formation of the mid-sixties San Francisco music scene, that was to sweep the world as the "West Coast Sound", introduced her to a then little known band called Big Brother and the Holding Company. The experience of singing with a rock band transformed Janis.

"All my life I just wanted to be a beatnik, meet all the heavies, get stoned, get laid, have a good time, that's all I ever wanted, except I knew I had a good voice and I could always get a couple of beers off of it. All of a sudden someone threw me in this rock and roll band. They threw these musicians at me, man, and the

sound was coming from behind, the bass was charging me, and I decided then and there that was it, I never wanted to do anything else. It was better than I had been with any man, you know. Maybe that's the trouble ..."

Their big break came at the 1967 Monterey pop festival, where, in competition with such stars as the Who, the Beach Boys, and Jimi Hendrix, Janis, from a position way down on the bottom of the hill, made the audience hear her own and rocketed to virtual overnight stardom, a contract with CBS records and an offer of management from Al Grossman, who at the time handled the business affairs of Bob Dylan.

Rock impresario Bill Graham remembers Janis and that first band as "wild and a bit out of control".

"I don't think Janis tried to be black. I think Janis sang as a young person coming out of Texas and having kicked around San Francisco, and her voice was her voice and that was her interpretation of the songs. She sang blues. And in her own way ... you know, when someone is a stylist or the originator of a style and ... a particular style of blues, I don't think you can compare her. And I keep coming back to Hendrix. Hendrix was an innovator on the guitar, Janis was an innovator in a certain style ... very free, tried to play like Hendrix—you couldn't. Well, Janis was that. The mark of great talent, creative talent and original talent is also in its difficulty to copy that talent. And I think that's what Janis has."

Janis's own description of her early shows is characteristically tough and earthy.

"I had a couple of shows where I played the whole show really into it, completely giving all I had, man, and I was doing a free-form thing, talking, bring it all out, let it all go, man. Just talked about Janis and all the men that hurt her, and all the men that maybe she let down, and everything that you got to say, man, all of a sudden it starts coming out of your mouth, and you didn't even intend it to, and all of a sudden I heard them speak, I heard them talkin' in the middle of my fuckin' shit, man, and I stopped and I wanted to see if they'd quit."

is characteristically tough and earthy.

"They didn't quit, and I grabbed the microphone and said, 'I ain't cryin' my ass off for you man. I put the microphone down and walked off the stage. I blew my contract and all that shit, but fuck that, man, I ain't gonna get out there and cry my soul out for people that are talking about 'How's your brother, did you get laid on Thursday, that's a cute dress.' I'm up there talking about my pain, fuck you, man."

Much of Janis's work is tied so closely with the pain of being a woman. It recurs constantly in her song titles, "Women are Losers", "Piece of my Heart", "I Need a Man to Love", the list goes on and on.

The songs themselves are not the usual idealised love songs that pledge eternal faith. Janis pleads for a man who'll buy her a drink and hold her "at least until the morning comes." In her songs, love is positively and inseparably linked to sex, and together with booze and earthy good times they, in her philosophy, provide a brief respite from a hard, ugly life.

To a great extent Janis drew her image from the great Hollywood Saturday night bar room broad, the Mae Wests and Bette Davis. Her taste for booze became

legendary to the point where the manufacturers of a precisely obscure liqueur bourbon, Southern Comfort, presented her with a mink coat for unconsciously promoting their product all over the world by constantly being photographed with a bottle in her hand.

This good time broad image seemed to separate her from the majority of American women. "You really damage and offend their femininity. You know, 'No chick is supposed to stand like that.' You know, your tits shakin' around, and your hair's stringy, and you have no makeup on, and sweat running down your face, and you're coming up to the fuckin' microphone, man, and at one point their heads just go click, and they go 'Ooooh, no.' You get that a lot, it's really far out, when you're standing on stage you can't see the whole crowd. The trouble is the groovy crowd is usually in the back, because they can't afford the seats down front—the seats down front are the local rich people—and they're the ones that are just sitting there, man, with their knees just so ... and you know, you only cross at your ankles, keep your pantsy girls tied together, and you sit with your hands in your lap, and I'm up there singing, 'I'm going 'Cha-cha-boom-quack-quack', and I look out at the crowd, and these girls have these little pinched smiles on their faces, and I must be an absolute horror, man, they're never seeing anything like it, and they don't want to again, man. The chick's up there, shakin' it all, 'How do you like that, boys' and the boys all go 'Aaaaaaahhh!' and the girls are going 'Oh, my God, she may be able to sing, but she doesn't have to act like that.' That's the way I was raised, man, I know exactly what's on those bitchin' minds, they don't like me, man. But that's not most of them, I figure most of them who go to the trouble to buy a ticket to come to my shows are ready to rock."

"At my concerts most of the chicks are

looking for liberation, they think I'm gonna show 'em how to do it. But the ones right in the front are always the country club bitches, they always are. It's so weird playing to 14 party girls. I used to get really uptight when they turned on the house lights because I thought it would cool the show, but I noticed in the past year it doesn't. You turn on the house lights, and if you've got an audience that's a little timid the minute they see everybody else standing up and getting goony, they say, 'what the fuck, and everybody just stands up and starts getting sweaty. I used to think if they couldn't see me singularly and watch me turn them on, they wouldn't get turned on, but now I know if they can see each other get turned on, they're gonna get turned on even more. The fact that I look small and human like I do when the lights are on don't matter one fuckin' bit."

"I'm a strong believer in magic. I'd fly across the country to see Otis for ten minutes. I'd go see Little Richard anywhere, I'd go see Tina anywhere, because they work, they happen, they're electric, they're exciting, they sweat for you. Fuck, they're so great man, I just love 'em."

In 1969 she split with Big Brother and the Holding Company and formed her own band, which subsequently came to England with her. This first band was something of a failure. It never quite seemed to gel properly and at the same time Janis was experiencing serious drug problems. Within a year the band had fallen apart.

Another disappointment was in store for her the same year. The Melody Maker reported it thus: "Janis was to have been on the cover of Newsweek ... but General Eisenhower's death had allowed her out. (She was shown the discarded Newsweek cover and) in quick succession came a display of pleasure at the way the photo came out and anger at the fact it wouldn't be seen. She grasped it in her hands, stared

at it for an instant, stamped her tiny foot bullet-like into the floor, and swung a clenched fist skyward. A stream of devastating curses accompanied the action. 'Goddamn it, you mother fucker! You 'fucker!' And swinging round to 'appeal' to the gathering. 'Fourteen heart attacks and he had to die in my week. In my week!'"

After a period of inactivity, Janis put together the final band, Full-Tilt Boogie, and with them recorded probably her finest album, Pearl. Plans were going ahead for a full scale tour with the band, and it seemed that Janis's emotional problems had been, for the most part, overcome, when she was found dead at her home in Larkspur, California.

Her death came only a matter of weeks after guitarist Jimi Hendrix had died in London. The entire pop world was profoundly shocked. Rolling Stone magazine devoted an entire issue to a Janis Joplin memorial, and tributes poured in from the world's top musicians. Jerry Garcia, guitarist with the Grateful Dead, summed up the predominant feeling.

"Janis was like a real person, man. She went through all the changes we did. She went on all the same trips. She was just like the rest of us—fucked up, strung out, in weird places. Back in the old days, the pre-success days, she was using all kinds of things, just like anybody, man."

"When she went out after something, she went out after it really hard, harder than most people ever think to do, ever conceive of doing."

"She was on a real hard path. She picked it, she chose it, it's OK. She was doing what she was doing as hard as she could, which is as much as any of us can do. She did what she had to do and closed her books. I don't know whether it's the thing to do, but it's what she had to do."

"It was the best possible time for her

death. If you know any people who passed that point into decline, you know, really getting messed up, old, senile, done in. But going up, it's like a skyrocket, and Janis was a skyrocket chick."

"She had a sense of all that, including the sense that if somebody was making a movie of it, it'd make a great movie. If you had a chance to write your life, I would describe that as a good score in life writing, with an appropriate ending."

Janis was found with four dollars clutched in her hand, and signs of recent heroin use. Rumours circulated furiously, Janis had committed suicide, Janis had overdosed. The evidence seemed inconclusive, her career was going well and the drug problem of the previous year had apparently been solved. As with Marilyn Monroe, the truth about the last lonely hours of Janis Joplin will never be known.

To mark the second anniversary of her death, CBS have released a double album package that contains some of the best of her live performances.

Of all the epitaphs probably Janis's own words stand as the most fitting:

"I ... got to go on don't it the way I see it. Hey, man, I ain't got no choice but to take it like I see it ... I'm here to have a party, man, as best I can while I'm on this earth. I think it's your duty to. When I'm ready to retire I'll tell you about it. If I start worrying about everything I'm doing, you know, like—like this'll give you cholesterol or cirrhosis or some other dumb, unaware trip, I'd just as soon quit now. If that's what I gotta do to stick around another forty years, you can have it ... I'm getting it now, today, I don't even know where I'm gonna be twenty years from now, so I'm just gonna keep on rocking, cause if I start saving up bits and pieces of me like that, man, there ain't gonna be nothing left for Janis."

MICK FARREN

## ROCK'N'ROLL

### ARTHUR LEE Vinicator (A&M)

Once upon a time, there was a band called LOVE and to all them hippies leapt to the sounds of 'Da Capo' and 'Forever Changes'. Foremost in this band was the mighty Arthur Lee, he of the voice dynamic, and 'Oh wow' did he move the people, with things like "She comes in colours" and "7x7" and the "Castle". It was a Los Angeles sound with Mexy guitar, soft rushing strings, mounting massive brass and an overall feel of total, complete excellence. There are few people today who would deny that 'Forever Changes' was one of the best albums of 1969. There was a feel of complete control and utter understanding, a sense of 'total' music and awareness pervading the album. To a certain extent this 'feel' was due to the playing of Bryan MacLean, the master of the soft string shuffle, but all the time the vocal control was Arthur Lee's. That was a masterpiece. From that highpoint LOVE seemed to fall to pieces, rumours fled across the Atlantic of digestive doses of smack and speed and lo and behold the band broke up.

With a new and completely different group Arthur made 'Out There', an album that despite its four sided length never lived up to expectations. A vanishing point in rock history.

Now comes Arthur with lead guitarist Charles Karp and other musicians with a different concept altogether. This time it's harsh, roaring, Hendrix style rock, howling guitars, blasting bass, thundering drums, vocals a thin screaming across the top. It hasn't the strength of Hendrix nor has it the interesting subtlety of 'Forever Changes', all and all it just doesn't make it in any direction. Perhaps Arthur has abandoned smack and taken up drink! If

so, he has abandoned lightning, inflicted introspection for boring midnight raving. Less hope that he forgets this stuff as soon as possible and turns around to nineteen seventy three, putting pictures of Hendrix on the back cover only serves to disturb ancient ghosts of a dead era. CHRIS ROWLEY.

### GEORGIE FAME All Me Own Work (Capitol)

Come on Georgie—remember the Blue Flames—you know, Mitch Mitchell, good ol' Speedy Acqua and the others? Saturday all nites dahn the Mingo? Madras jackets? Yeah? What's all this, then, ah? It may be all yer own work, mate, but it ain't much of a job, is it? MRS DORIS FIGGIS

### DAVE MASON Headkeeper

Dave, the melody of Traffic. This is the clear message which emerges from 'Headkeeper', a truly beautiful funky album: an album which makes you smile when you're sad, bop around, pirouette in the autumn leaves, throw your cares to the wind, carried along by the tightness of the music.

Apart from the primordial beauty of Dave's composition, his band, Mark Jordan, Lonnie Turner, Spencer Davis, Graham Nash, give the songs the peripheral touches which spark off the imagination, and make this more than just a pleasant album to listen to.

One side is taken from a live performance at the Troubadour, and it is this side which says the most for Dave's music. There is little difference technically or musically between this recording and the studio tracks: there are no gimmicks, no clever engineering tricks,

just plain good music. Take a hold of this album, clutch it to your body, place on the turntable and let it turn you on. GORDIAN TROELLER

### KEITH JARRETT The Mourning of a Star (Warner K40309)

Jarrett plays piano, tenor recorder (1), soprano sax and various percussive instruments and writes the tunes. It's a nicely constructed album, relaxed

and mournful for the most part, a little spacy at times and occasionally uses the cliché of when all else fails hit, press, pluck or push everything in reach for as long as you can'. The bass player Charlie Haden plays reminiscently of Pierre Michelot; bassist with Jacques Loussier, with those long reflective chords. Paul Motian on drums comes to the party too. For the most part the album's mood is mournful, in places beautifully so, the bass, piano and brushed cymbals bringing a tear to the eye and a lump to the grain except for the title track which bops along in fine form with yelps and whoops coming from both speakers. Recommended listening to aging jazz aficionados everywhere who may want to catch up on what's happening with the newer musicians. GES COX.

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NORMALS ignore this ad for a violinist who wishes other people to play with. Interests includes baking. Jon Baker, Malden (Essex) 772 786

LEAD guitarist, Agnieszka, Les Paul, Orange/ acoustic equipment requires together musicians or ready formed band preferably pro but if not, must turn pro after a couple of months. Musical interest—Deep thinking contemporary rock. May the sunshine on anyone who answers this ad. Dennis Burns, Grove Farm House, Burton Hastings, nr Hunsdon, Wiltshire

LEAD guitar, seeks pro or semi-pro band, into heavy rhythms with Hendrix/Beethoven influences. Phone Phil 764 6262 (eve)

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# BOOKS & FILMS

## THE COLLECTORS BOOK OF DETECTIVE FICTION

by Eric Quayle published by Studio Vista at £4.20.

A splendid book! With a superb yellow jacket! Listen to this extract (from *The Monk* 1796):

"The fiend read his intentions and prevented it. 'What?' he cried, dashing at him, a look of fury. 'Dare you still implore the Eternal's mercy? Would you feign penitence and again act the hypocrites part? Villain resign your hopes of pardon. Thus I secure my prey!'"

Good stuff. And such an exceedingly moral demon. But on the whole detective fiction is very moral and all the old favourites appear in this book: Edgar Allan Poe, Raymond Chandler, right up to Mr Bad Taste himself, James Bond, and not forgetting that splendid immortal Mr. Sherlock Holmes. I personally find a well written detective story the best rest cure of all. Whenever I feel somewhat under the weather I reach, with a sigh of relief, for a detective story and settle down to a few hours of total escape. So hurry for Mr. Quayle and others like him, busily collecting and treasuring books so often dismissed as "rubbish".

As always with Studio Vista, the illustrations, many in colour, are absolutely and perfectly right.

JOY FARREN.

## INTRODUCTION TO INDIAN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

by Paul Younger published by Darton Longman & Todd at £1.30

The (stated) concern of this book is to make the individual Indian's experience available to the reader. Unfortunately that is precisely what it does not do. It may well be an excellent "introduction", well written and accurate, unfortunately it has no heart. There is no magic, no colour, nothing to lure you on to deeper study. It remains as dry as a dusty text book.

JOY FARREN.

## ALLEN GINSBERG (IN THE SIXTIES)

by Eric Mottram published by Unicorn Bookshop at 40p

Another Unicorn goodie. A nice little paperback. A short discussion of Allen Ginsberg's work and his standing as a poet. Interesting if you are a Ginsberg freak. And if you're not you'd better go and read *Howl* again.

JOY FARREN.

## D H LAWRENCE, SELECTED POEMS

Edited, with an introduction, by Keith Sagar, Penguin 40p

D H Lawrence will never be either my favourite poet or indeed writer but he has his moments. Certain of his words, images, dreams do reach me, and strongly. The editor of this collection has tried to make a selection of Lawrence's poetry that will convey the variety and breadth of the man's work. I think he's done a good job and if you've never read any of Lawrence's poetry (excluding *The Snake Poem* which I think everyone is forced to read at school) then this selection of verse might interest you.

JOY FARREN.

## SAVAGE MESSIAH

(Ken Russell)

ABC2 Shaftesbury Avenue

I went into the movie theatre this morning convinced that I would be bombarded by another Russell extravaganza. Instead, a love story, a story about human relationships, about art: love and art interacting: can they both be pure. Inspired by violent emotions yet giving an inner peace.

It is still a violent film, but as in Russell's BBC movies, the violence in *Savage Messiah* comes from within rather than without. It is a movie about rape: a rapine merry go round in which the artist uses life, situations and people drawing upon them for subject matter, inspiration and emotional substance. In turn the art dealers, the patrons, and the artists' friends draw on his art and use

it to strengthen their feeble egos. And somewhere, peripheral to art, and ignorant of aesthetic quarrels, the people struggle to survive: day to day, hand to mouth.

*Savage Messiah* is primarily about the relationship of two people, a relationship caught up in its inherent contradictions. A battle of two egos which occasionally fuse together. Yet because any physical private consummation is taboo, moments of harmony are transformed into exhibitionism. Songs and art have become the way for Henri and Sophie to escape from the heavy tensions of a love which is destroying their capacity for understanding.

The achievement is that Russell has scored his film like a choral symphony. Each situation, every character has interacting parallel parts which clash here in apparent chaos yet, at the end of the movement, merge to give the audience a complete tableau.

*Savage Messiah* is by far Russell's most mature film to date. He seems to have reined in the wild horses of cinematic excess and chosen to control his material. The film is as harrowing as *The Devils* but on a subtler level, and as a result is more effective.

GORDIAN TROELLER.

## GROUPIES

(Ron Dorfmann)

Chelsea Curzon from 1 October

All of us at IT walked into this little preview theatre one evening, got drunk, saw a movie called *Groupies*, and came out again, stunned and amazed at the variety of histrionics which he had been subjected to.

It is necessarily difficult to make a compelling documentary on the groupie phenomenon, yet accepting the magnitude of the task, I can't help feeling that with eighty hours of material, Dorfmann could have made a more valuable and agreeable document. As it is *Groupies* doesn't quite make it. On the one hand

it tries to be too narrative, we see too much of the same chicks, who after an initial statement seem to have little to add. Maybe if the camera had followed one or two groupies the length of an American tour the result would have been more satisfactory and possibly deeper.

My quarrel with Dorfmann is that I don't believe in the power of 'personal' documentaries. Would you act totally naturally if a camera was in the same room: would you not change your identity the slightest bit. It could be argued that observation, participation and then a re-enactment of the event would have been more together. On the other hand, Dorfmann's trouble with his narrative line could be the result of too little diversification. A further fragmentation of the sequences, groupies, bands, captured at different times in different situations would have added to the total scope of the film.

GORDIAN TROELLER.

## A FISTFUL OF DYNAMITE

Wow, bang, powie, ZAP, a fistful of action by the dynamite kid himself, Sergio Leone.

The beauty of this film is also its flaw: Leone could write his storyline on the back of a postage stamp. This paucity of plot enables him to make full use of the analytical powers of the camera. Every action (a gun being drawn, eyes flickering) is decomposed, analysed, divorced from the rest of the action; it is as if the latter was temporarily suspended, as if each camera movement had a Stanislavskian identity.

It is a pity though that the stylistic perfection which characterizes most of the movie, suffers the odd lapses. There are from time to time sudden jarring visuals, shots which are unfinished, and on the whole, Sergio could have done with a bit more of your studied detailed asceticism.

A *Fistful of Dynamite* is a good movie, but wait till next year and *Ogou the Wasted* will show you where it is really at!

GORDIAN TROELLER.

# REICK!

Gordian Troeller

There used to be a time back in the thirties and forties when an intrepid reporter from the *St Louis Tribune* or some other such paper would fearlessly go and expose corruption: he would raise issues, cause furor, and stimulate discussion amongst his readers. Reporters were judged on their stamina, and their undying belief in the truth, however hard this truth might be to find.

Alas those were the days. Now the prime consideration of the journalist is to toe the line of his employer, who invariably clings onto the skirt of the politicians, be they in or out of power. Real issues get dropped from the screen. The 'hard Fact News' as presented on television never has the time to investigate a story. The facts as we are told them are totally one-sided. There is little attempt to find alternative news sources, and when they do, it is not generally passed on to the audience, but hushed up and forced to appear in underground newspapers or publications where people are not afraid of voicing alternative views, whatever the personal risk to himself. Not that we are always righteous.

As a counter to attacks on the bias of the media, many liberals state that we are in fact given the very best in current affairs programmes, that we have excellent drama with scope for imagination and talent, and that in general the public is more than adequately informed of the world around him, and that enough facts are presented to him to allow him to grapple with the pros and cons of

various beliefs and actions. They believe that the TV medium's coverage and treatment of current affairs is more than adequate to allow a dialogue to develop in the community.

The most obvious example of this facile and treacherous attitude was most recently apparent perhaps in the coverage of the Munich Olympics. Quite apart from the irresponsibility of devoting upwards of twelve hours a day to sporting events with their eternal reruns of action replays, the largest misinterpretation of what TV news and current affairs programmes are about, came with the Arab attack on the

Israeli block, and the subsequent drama.

For a start, the television and press coverage which the event received was more horrific than the killing and maiming itself. Once again television news must take its blame for transforming us into a nation of morbid trophy hunters. However, the main accusation I level at the news and current affairs programmes is that they present events without taking upon themselves the responsibility of filling the viewer in on the background and history of the event. What we are finally left with is an event seen against a faded generalised back-

cloth, with headings like 'The Middle East', 'Vietnam', etc.... This type of presentation makes it very easy for the average viewer to assimilate the event as a disembodied entity, his reaction to which can therefore be manipulated much easier by the TV magnates.

The problem is one of perspective; or rather the lack of it. Once again TV is asking you and me to judge events in a Black and White context: good and evil clearly separated into political expedients rather than human realities. Is it not ironic that TV is asking us to sympathise with the homeless and penniless Ugandan Asians (no doubt the assassination of Amin and his cronies would hardly cause a murmur of disapproval) while at the same time unequivocally condemning the desperate search for justice of the Palestinian people who some 20 years ago were uprooted and forced to emigrate to foreign soil, in not so dissimilar circumstances?

Until current affairs programmes learn to cut through the shackles that bind them to the power mad politicians, they cannot be worthy of their name.

We, the people, are still in the majority, and we still just, have the power to flush oppressive governments and corrupt politicians down the drain. But if we do not soon deal with the media, television will have made cabbages of men, and who ever heard of a vegetable patch revolution.

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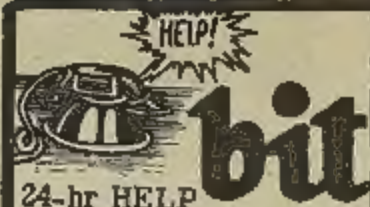
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